



free Beer Press

S.P.A.: PUNK ROCK DEMIGODS SURFS UP!!

I've had enough bitching & harassment from these chowderheads & I'm not gonna take it anymore. While not one to cry over spilled milk, I'm not one to roll over & be milked, either. Moo, Moo.

The name "Students For Progressive Action" sounds like a Marxist bible study class, but is actually a small closed group fronted by a psychology major whose stated purpose is to bring independent music to W.M.U. It's members are coincidentally members off a local band (who shall remain nameless) who appeared on nearly every bill presented by S.P.A. Pretty clever self-promotion, eh?

My first beef with this organization is not that they include themselves on these programs, but that other deserving groups are denied inclusion. I know of 3 groups who have tried repeatedly to perform on thier stage- only to be rejected or ignored. For example, the now defunkt Latin Dogs from Battle Creek. These guys rocked heavily around this state & elsewhere, yet were never allowed a chance to perform in thier neighbor city... Maybe it was thier after-shave...

When one jolly S.P.A. member was asked why his (nameless) band was invited on bills by other local groups, yet those groups were not allowed on S.P.A. bills, his reply was, "Our music would cross-over to you'r audience, but you'r music wouldn't appeal to ours". Upon further questioning he refused to reveal the winner of next year's World Series.

My second qualm with these folks is of a more personal nature, but it's a hair up my butt so I'll air it.

I'm to old to skate. I don't even like a lot of this music- but I'm attracted to the volume like a knat to a light bulb. I pay my money, go to the shows-only to be degraded & pushed around by little punker henchmen. "Act Adult!" They yell as they stuff me out the door for spilling beer on myself.

The last show (Black Flag) was the worst. I coulda told 'em who I was- skinny columnist for the nationally read (even in Wisconsin) F.B.P. & asked for free admission. But no- I paid my \$5. When the woman at the door tried to stamp the back of my hand, I objected, turning palms up (Don't want Mom to know where I been, ya know?) She flipped my hand over- I flipped it back. Then she said, "You'r palm is to sweaty, I have to stamp the back". Now is that blatant harassment or what? Of course my palm was sweaty, I was just about to ask her out for Chinese food... Geez, talk about rejection.

One thing lead to another & I ended up on the balcony, which is of course off-limits but all sorts of local luminaries was up there for better viewing... As usual I was singled out & shoved & kicked down the stairs & out the front door. The lil punkers had thier way: I was walking around in circles on the sidewalk, blowing bubbles in the frigid night.

I am not saying that S.P.A. hasn't succeeded in presenting vital entertainment. but does the music scene have to be as pre-edjudiced as real life? I have suffered enough- LET MY PEOPLE GO.



WE ATTACK THEM. EXHIBIT "A".

Detroit Free Press

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SCOTT McGEEHEE
MANAGING EDITOR

September 27, 1983

Free Beer Press
P.O. Box 412
Oshtemo, MI 49077

To Whom It May Concern:

It has come to my attention that you are issuing a publication called "Free Beer Press" using the type style of the Detroit Free Press in your masthead.

Your use of a name and type style bearing such a close similarity to ours violates our copyright. You must stop using our type style in your masthead.

Sincerely yours,

Scott McGeehee

THEY RETALIATE. EXHIBIT "B".

FLIPPER- GONE FISHIN'. Hey, trust me. They didn't catch anything but I bet they got drunk.

NIGHTCRAWLERS- "LITTLE BLACK EGG". Finally! A tribute to Negro bens!

LAY ME! BITCH- "10 SECONDS". To make a long (& I mean LONG) story short: The guy dies, his wife suicides, & the butler does it to the poodle.

CLASS DISMISSED- "SILVER BELLS". Wintery wonderland music, this stuff is warmer than a fife. Drank up!

THE SUPREMES- "SILVER BELLS". Wintery wonderland music, this stuff is warmer than a fife. Drank up!

SHEENA EASTON- "STRUT". Don't be afraid of home dance music- Just bend over & pick up the soap.

FBP 10

BUTTHOLE SURFERS- LIVE POPPERS. Captured live & forced to smoke toonails. Put it on you'r X-mas list.

SWANS- FILTH. 2 drums, 2 basses. Deeper than the darkest knunge ever recorded. I take my copy to bed every night.

SCANDAL- "THE WARRIOR". Bang- Shootin at the walls of- I wash dishes for a living so fuck you.

November
ISSUE # 8 3

Bo, all you studs and studesses! Welcome to the second issue featuring our all-new EXPANDED FLORIDA! Hey, America really is a beautiful dump! The fury little rats behind my eyes peer out thru the drunken portholes of my head and yes, things are loomig lovely over the whole!con 3, Zoo Robot Soda (see ad), and of course that holiday flood of record releases, all vinyl for YOUR Christmas dollar. Its almost enough to make me wanna get a job. Almost.

One more thing: I'm a litt-til bit tired of all these comments about us VPs being sexist and male chauvinist pigs. Listen, you geeks! Dick Action, Dr. V. Cherry, M. Puddo, and even The Big Red One are all real live biological FEMINISTS. So, hell, if any of you clod-based bands cutting vinyl, Blight at Club-1800 (see ad), and of course that holiday flood of record releases, all vinyl for YOUR Christmas dollar. Its almost enough to make me wanna get a job. Almost.

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though some of em are real good ('Mama's boy'), the production is so glossey and squeaky-clean and the vocals so ON TOP that it might as well be high-speed Loverboy. And what this thing sounds like. Synthi, what the hell are the Durtnicks doin' here? My god, talk about oil and water! Don't they know that too much pop is bad for the mind's molars? If I didn't know any better I'd say those guys were trying to sell records or somethin'. Well maybe, but not this one.

DAVID SYLVIAN: BRILLIANT TREES - First off, if yer a Japan (the band) fan (and who is?) then you already know this guy and what this thing sounds like. Synthi, sized, ragged-out-robot swill-right? Well, yeah, but Japan (now defunct) was still laughing! I like my rockin' as unkool as the next guy, but hey, I've been known to have been king of the dandies. Some clowns tried to call em New Romantics. I leave em soul food for suburban clay-heads.

So much for the Psycho-History: Lets talk about the record, if only cuz its an import and cost me TWELVE bucks. First ya got 'Falling Punches', which sounds like 'The Art Of Parties', a tune from Japan's last alb, 'In Drum', and it might as well be Japan. I mean, makes ya wonder what those other guys did in the band (other than roll their eyes a lot). Then theres 'Ink In the Well', a bass-heavy acoustic that's great despite the references to PI-caso (what an asshole). My own personal favie is up next: its called 'Nostalgia' and its simply too lovely for your average american dickhead so just forget about it. In fact, forget the whole thing. Me and D. Action (who was cross-dressing before it was obligatory) are gonna keep this one for ourselves. Alas, again too cool to live. See ya.

A Look At the Palstaf Cap



Ah, Palstaf. The very word conjures up images of an extremely obese dude with a turkey leg in each paw and a pretty young boy between his legs. Sure, it may be the cheapest suds on the circuit but the real reason to pick it up is the repub on the inside of the cap. Whats a repub, you ask? Fair question, lets ask Web-star: 'A puzzle in which words or phrases are shown by means of pictures, signs, etc.' Got it? Okay, try this:

FOR LIFE
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cool! (Although one can't help but wonder about the Huey Lewis obsession. Sounds to me like she needs a new thug) Pick up 'Acid-freak' and support tall people.

(447 W. Walnut/apt 5/Kalamazoo, MI/49009)

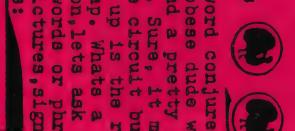
MY WEEKLY READER

THE LANSING JOURNAL #1: Oh boy, finally a mag with something for everyone! That is, of course, if everyone is into reading page after page about dead or shot-up cops. Sound fun? Yeah, right, but whatta you expect from a guy (he sings with the Crucifucks) who spits big green hockers on his audience Hell, the last time I saw em he dived under the legs of this tall fox dancing in front, causing her to fall backwards and bash her head on the cement. (And he laughed! I mean, what a partyin' dude!) Which was a pretty strange move for a fella who writes so much denouncing sexism and the oppression of women. He also writes about phonies, 'insecure' males, and 'apolitical assholes,' so much so that it soon becomes painfully obvious that he's just another spoiled, pin-dick, crybab. I mean, its common knowledge that he's made

anonymous calls to the police complaining about upcoming punk shows (MDC?), trying to close em down. And he's in a punk band! (and a good one, too) He bitches on and on about killer cops and the slimy little shit is in fucking cahoots with em! Sheesh, I say fuck the traitorous prick. He doesn't care about positive political change, all he cares about is getting his little nut off by fucking with YOU and fucking with ME and fucking UP the whole goddamn movement. This is the kinda dork who sticks a cat's head in a fan just to see what'll happen. He doesn't care about the cat OR the fan. Just the mess. Send him a diaper.

(Doc Dork/613 N. Foster/Lansing, MI/48912)

ACIDFREAK #1: The 'Zoo's latest mini-mag (2 pages!), the first by a woman, gets a big thumbs-up from us. Any pape that advocates The Green Top, Tom Waits, Bukowski, Town Without Pity, AND Vanna White has just got to be



Do the people with
herpes deserve it?

Ugly? Who?

MUSIC NOTES FROM THE (s)MALL CITY-- SITTING AUTOPSY. THE WORLD DEPT. Rising up like dark cadavers from the deep, it's lucky Stiffs (3 former Worms & a 'Snake')! They're currently polishing off a 3 song ep featuring 'blood Beat', 'Patrol', & 'Ralph (Walnuts) Gallagher', classic, 'Milk', Muscular Dystrophy basin Dec. 3rd at Club Soda featuring Alight, Lucky Stiffs, & IDK. It's for a good cause so we hope to see you all there. PIG Boy's buying... One of our favorite bands, Violent Apathy, should be makin noise again now that they've found a bass player... & NO this one is not

"MY pain is real!"

a hair dresser... Maga-Scene: Murmor has it that TOWN WITHOUT PITY (3210 Westmont, Len-sing, MI. 48906) is gonna call it quits after the next issue. Beepers! Talk about jumpin on the bandwagon. It will be missed... Speaking of which; wheres that ACID FREAK #2? Hope it's not a case of crib death... The Flying Tigers have broken up. I'm sure the girls will miss that pouting lead guitar rock God. (sigh). With thier demise, there is absolutely no reason to go to Club Soda... I'm just sick about that... Able Bodies have also dis-banded. Guess you can now call the band called Go Eat. A goosestepping guitar backed by apocalyptic lyrics & a rythem section comprised of kitchen appliances... HEY! Wheres my cusanart?!

MR. 'BAD NEWS'

DEPRESSION?

I LEARNED
TO PLAY
the GUITAR

in 3
MINUTES
I'VE NEVER HAD SO
MUCH FUN BEFORE

SOUL

The fish thank you
The birds thank you. Your
grandchildren will thank you.

RALPH

SUPPORTS EQUAL
RIGHTS

STOP our
NATION'S
FASCISM

Depression

7/9 Bill Board

909 Linwood Avenue

Springfield, MI. 49015

WE ARE AGAINST

ATCHAFALAYA

LIVE AND IN POISON

BLIGHT/SLAUGHTERHOUSE
Oct. 19/Down on the Ranch

And so the show came off. Apparently it was a benefit for some drug-addict to pay off his court cost. Which was fine with me, I hate to see anybody go to jail. I spent 5 days there once for making too much noise and ended up sucking cock, reaming round-eye and packing fudge. And hey, it wasn't that bad! Not only did they give me free cigs but also their desserts, some moldy mass that was supposed to be applecrisp. Still, a nice place to visit, but...

Unfortunately it was outside, and I say "unfortunately" 'cuz it was about, oh, 32 degrees. And though Strange Goofs and ADC didn't show, the 12 kegs did, making for a thankfully low thirst quotient. Cold beer on a cold night, ahh...

The show opened with some band called Slaughterhouse who, unfortunately, brought NO COWS. Now, not to slight them or Blight, but they might as well have been the same band. I mean, the bass player lays down the riff (a riff that rarely, if ever, changes), the drummer back-beats it, and then the singer and git-dude do funny things all over it. Okay, that said, let me also say that they were GREAT. One thing I like about these post-punk bands ('Post-punk?' Oh shut up, you asshole!), ahem, is that nobodies gotta look a certain way no more. The drummer was spooky (wearing a hockey mask ala 'Hall-o'-ween'), the bassman had funny hair, and the singer obviously got 'C's all thru high school. My hero, though, was the guitar player who wore this wild, pyschadelic shirt (Paisley? Hawaiian? Newvo-Crayola?) and squeezed out somme the strangest sounds that these jaded old ears ever heard. Hell, if I'd known they were gonna be this good I woulda come if they only had 10 kegs.

Blight were up next and they were a lot better, if only cuz I was a lot drunker. They were also faster and had more changes, which added more dynamics and gave the singer more room to lie on the ground. Make no mi-2's, finding creature comfort in other creatures. Nesting together for security sake: this is gonna be the best bands in the world. The sound is full, fat, and voluptuous. Buildings collapsing and volcanos being born. Instant apocalips for the suicide set (so to speak). And you can dance to it! And though the drummer and singer are hot, its the bass and guitar men who take this semi all the way outta the tunnel and into the black light of day. Safe drivers? Not a chance.

Oh yeah: Special thanks to Mike Prof (pro P.a.), Tommy (for getting popped), and Chris for taking my cat. Can I stop now?

THE 2 ED'S IN- 'LEZ START A BAND!'



PIG BOY'S

AMERICA
LIVE
IN
THE
CITY



OVER &
OUT

Come, my friends- press you'r ear close to my mouth & I'll tell you a story of passion & intrigue. As the worm turns the seasons change. Leaves fall to earth. Brown, red, orange. Green ones cling to thier decaying stems as they await thier certain fate. Hopes of vision fade into typical bar-worn schedules. The lust of youth becomes the monotone we euphemistically call "love".

By now, at this advanced stage of adulthood many of us have paired off into 2's, finding creature comfort in other creatures. Nesting together for security against adventures unknown. Knitting little booties around the warmth of a toaster. Lucky to get away one evening a week for golf/bowling, a fuck on the side, a quick narcotic jag or a lousy drunk. We treat ourselves to these little extra perks because sometimes our love can be so damn boring.

As passion can run thin, so too can our ambition. Motivation is a fine line between habit & vision. Do we do it because we have to, or because we want to? Are you just having trouble sleeping at night or is the dream really dead?

Oh my, you may say, but I wasn't even tired... That's funny, you clever bastard but that's not the issue. Why is everyone so mesmerized around here? Is it just the fattening process that comes with ageing or are we just a bunch of lame fucks who wouldn't even attend the Second Coming? Shit, 10 years ago we'd a shown up for a crucifixion screaming cuckoo on mushrooms & brandishing massive hard-ons. Now days some of us are lucky if we can squeeze out a few drops of goo while beating-off over a borrowed mirror... You know who you are.

I suppose you could call this a mid-life crisis. The symptoms are similar. But I think it is the recognition of the limitations of my present situation that is bearing down on me. Some kids never grow up. It's disturbing to see my cronies hunker down behind the facade of a safe future. Maybe my definitions are severe, but there is a lethargy settling over this culture. I just wanna go outside & play in the dirt.

& so I say the hell with it all. Why should I wanna open my heart up for you? Why amuse the sleeping masses with tales of heroism & divine insight? This is, after all, serious journalism not pop entertainment. ARE YOU LISTENING?! Get away from my window- You peasant voyures!! Go home to

you'r snit filled cupcakes & frozen pizza snacks. I'M SICK OF YOU'R FUCKING ABUSE!!

HA! One local art pooba said recently, "Why do you guys even put that paper out- you can't write very well". I agreed enthusiastically while I chain-smoked every

last one of the wenches cigarettes. You can't be a writer unless you smoke, right? Well I'm a serious writer, I smoke a lot. So long Ms. Art Critic, see ya in Paris, France. HA! HO!

WAIT! I'm not done yet... There is more wisdom beaded you'r way. It has been charged that the good Dr. D. & myself are ignorant, sexist simpletons involved in a self-serving project designed to inflate our depraved egos. Oh brother, what a scam. I seriously doubt that we would even be capable of such a calculated plot. But anyway to those bawl-babies,, I say go start you'r own magazine. We aren't cheerleaders promoting some silly scene. We have tried to encourage you to THINK. Don't buy the party line- have you'r own party.

& so it is time for me to leave this Indian burial ground. The crystal ball tells me that the hour has arrived in which I must bail out. I will leave behind this void of practice bands, demo bands, bars that close before 12, record stores that forget to order new records, the Fat ("He's asleep") Man & his riddle journal, to many baubles to mention, & of course, my row boat.

Last &probably least there is the nearly defunct Dr. D., who co-conspired with me to bring this to you in living black & white. You know who he is; the Semi-Negro who always shows up at parties & stays to late... & comes back again after everyone has gone to bed. "It's alright Mam. I'm on a research mission." folks like him are hard to find & should be designated a national landmark- or given a car without brakes or something.

The female half of the F.B.P. staff have completely bitten the the proverbial bun. Ms. Nina Mina Fido has been forbidden by her her illiterate scum-heathen husband to contribute to our illustrious publication. So much for free speech... Dr. Virdon has retreated to the hills of Colorado never to be reckoned with again. Los amigos.

I'll be pounding the pavement before the snow blows. Maybe I'll go to South Carolina & spend the winter with Mom & Pop. Work construction or get a job on a shrimp boat. YO! Hail you fishes! Get caught in my net, dudes.

Or maybe I'll go to San Francisco & pick up some drunken sailors, run out of money & go on a crime spree. That would be challenging.

I must leave now. Please don't whimper, O ye faithfull readers. Don't wet your eyes nor smooch you'r cheeks. The silence has been broken & it's now time for sleep. Poof.



make you gay

Jogging can



TOUCH... DOWN

I live at a noisy intersection. Well, actually I live in a house on a noisy intersection. One block from the fire station. Two blocks from the hospital. It's noisy down here. Sirens goin all a time. Vandals bustin' stuff up. Now they got that new Care Unit helicopter over at the hospital. The big bird buzzes over my house all the time & it's like a war zone out there. Lights flashing, windows shaking. When someone yells "Hit the deck!!" at my house you kiss the car-pet.

When the combat zone outside is not to busy we may venture out to the store for C-rations, or over to the Cantina Rex for dancing with some of the native girls- exchanging chocolates or leather undergarments for wet, sloppy kisses. O LA-LA, Seniorita!

Most of our nieghbors are tired, broken men who drink to much. Dressed in crumpled polyester overcoats, & pants that are 6 inches to short- This is thier land; The Old Country. They spend thier days sipping the regions beverages; Night Train, Cannon 21, or perhaps when in a festive mood- Falstaff.

A good felon of mine, Clark, stopped over one day recently & we observed one of the heathen nieghbors in a vacant lot next door. The field was pitted with dingbats & moguls. The old boy had a transistor radio pressed to his ear with one hand & in the other a small white football. He would make various motions with the football, dodge an imaginary rush & loft the little ball down the field. An awkward toss- sometimes more like a pop-up. He would then trot down & pick up the ball & repeat this charade- in the reverse direction.

As lovers of sport we went over & introduced ourselves. He identified himself as Ray but we call him the "Stork" because of his gangly, gawky appearance. He lamented at the lack of partners available for team sports. "These old guys, all they want to do is- HEE HEE HEE! (unintelligible) & I,wanne go out & get a little- HEE HEE HEE! (unintelligible- HEE HEE HEE!" Small light bulbs flicked on over Clark & my head. Here's what we're gonna do...

We round up all the available fellers in our whereabouts, divide them up, & we each manage our own football team... Of tottering old men.

The Stork looks skeptical, "Well now, HEE HEE HEE! (unintelligible)... There's only one thing that'll get those boy's outta the crib & that's-- HEE HEE HEE!-"

Clark & I exchange dark glances. We decide to buy a keg & call Doff Chek... We be needin a referee for this party.

It's Sunday morning. 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A maroon chevy pulls up.

"Hola, Comrades! Looks like snow!"

It's the referee.

"I want a clean game! I want a G rating!"

Doff Chek marches to the center of the field, ranting about animal rights. Clark & I glare at each other. We divide the troops up- The Party Vikings vs. The Infidels. It's every man for himself.

The kick-off is a mess. The plastic white football is stuck around the Vikings 40 yard line. The keg is over there. The ref declairs a cease fire.

"Move that keg to the center of the field & put that keg on a dolly!"

The ball is blasted 12 feet in the air off the foot of a wasted dwarf. He flips over on his back.

"KUNG FU KID!" He belches.

The teams scramble for the keg. I manage to struggle the hose away from everybody.

"TIME! TIME OUT!" I yell.

"You're out of order! Bring the ball back to the center of the field!" Doff Chek has taken over... What a slave driver.

"15 yards against The Infidels for delay of keg!"

As we walk back the Stork bumps into me, "I used to drink beer, back in the Army. But then I learned how to drink & I quit drinkin beer. HEE HEE HEE! Lez go (unintelligible)".

The ball is placed. Moved. Once again I end up with the nose. The call is protested.

"FUCK YOU! I WANT ACTION!" Doff Chek barks.

"LEZ PLA' BALL!" He's twirling in the parking lot as we fall over the line of scrimmage.

The ball lies dormant as the teams dive for the keg. I take control & breakaway for the goal. 40-30-20-10- The beer falls off the cart. The hot tipital helicopter is passing directly over head. The noise is deafening.

"FOUL BALL!"

"SMELLS BAD!"

"THERE GOES A BUNNY RABBIT!"

"NO! THAT'S A MUSKRAT YOU BIMBO!"

"HEY! WHERE'S MY GLASS?"

"I KNOW MY RIGHTS! I WANT TO

"NO DOSE COMANDMENTS!"

"4 MORE YEARS!"

"WHO'D YOU VOTE FOR?"

"NO MORE FOAM!"

"WE'LL SUCK THIS THING DRY!"

"WE figured you could handle it," he said. "You always do."

I shook out a cig, held it, listened.

Screams. The dead and dying, the busted, the maimed. It was deafening-- the screams rising (like audible puke-fumes) above everything. I still hadn't gotten used to it.

"Yeah," I repeated 'another end is on- kay. I was just hopin you weren't plannin any floods. I lit my cig. 'These are new

books.' He pinned a woman to a wall with ectoplasmic spikes and pelted her with pool balls. He smiled.

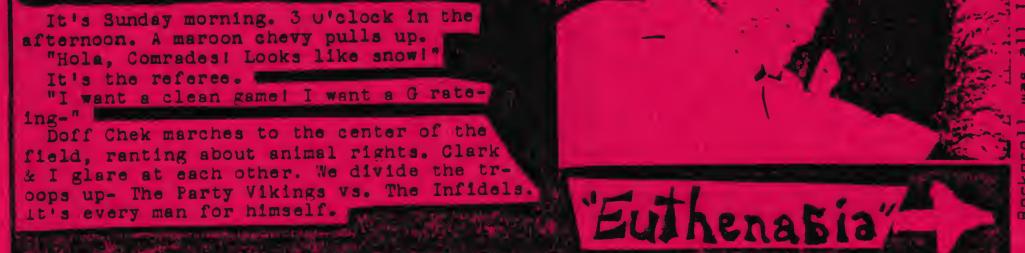
"None. No floods for this burg. Earthquakes, Earthquakes and high winds and- He winked -dijoja ever have clap?"

"Clap? Sure, but-..."

"Didja like it?"

"Like it? What the hel-"

"GODDAMN IT! BICOMICS!"



Rockroll was all I believed in when I was a kid. And when the disaster came- I saw the disaster the carnage: broken bodies blood splashed on the dance floor, chairs whirling in small tornados, smashing, fracturing skulls. I fingered my belly-button. Farted. "Hey, Armona, what's the deal?" I had to shout. He squished an old man's head, smashed the jukebox, looked at me, smeared it out. "We tried to call, he believed, really fire in his nostrils. No answer." He looked like a big (40 foot) chocolate-brown cloud man. Rolling in on himself, shrinking and swelling, with 2 black holes for eyes and a mouth like a nuclear power plant. Yeah, a big round cloud man. On acid, though, he looks like a big hunka shit. Oh we-

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Toilet Tapes

Sure, they took a lotta flack, but hey, us fans knew. Here was a band that was blatantly arty, terminally lite weight, AND staggering teetotalers, and yet still had more creativity and basic rock'n'roll smarts than, well, at least any body in this town. (and the 2 Foxes out front didn't hurt) And this Mike Mitch dude, though sometimes lyrically heavy-handed, wrote some really cool songs. When it comes to this kinda stuff he could very well be a genius. Either that or a snowblower.

Anyway, this here is Mike (guitar), Snake lead singer Cheri, and Cheri's old man (synth, drum machine), and (most of it) is, as I expected, GREAT. Let me work backwards: despite Cheri's sexy vocal on 'Descend Into Cool' the lyrics make my nipples wilt. This is the kinda song ya put in the closet and leave there. Then there's '100 Years Of Solitude' which is just what this song needs. The perfect thing for putting in a biodegradable time capsule. Call me in 2000.

Ah, but then ya got 'He's So Distant' a Eurythmics-style (almost-) love song that lopes, investigates, and peeks around corners. I like it so much that I sometimes put on dark glasses and stand in the corner of the bathtub pretending its about me. Sound crazy? Well yer right; I don't have a bathtub.

And lastly (and bestly) theres 'Bang Bang,' a hit fucking single if I ever heard one. Great melody, perfect (socially conscious) words, and the prettiest vocal that Tina, er, Cheri ever laid her v-chords on. I mean, you can get drunk and cry to this one. In fact, I'm gonna do botha those things right now. Is it past 2 yet?

(1932 S. Westnedge/apt 3/Kalamazoo, MI)

MICHAEL MOSHER: Another tragic tale of a young man and his guitar (acoustic!) against the world. And even though I haven't listened to this kinda stuff since the Ramones dropped in and smashed all my antiques, I can still tell the difference between ground beef and soy-beans. Well, here's the beef (did I say that?): It opens with 'Dangling,' a poppish, R&B rave-down that'll be a hit someday, even if only in Ohio. Little Anthony & the Imperials meet Toys R Us? Perhaps. I like the way he says 'cars.'

Then theres 'Looks That Drive A Young Man Crazy,' a tune that brings to mind that old junkie, James Taylor. Its warm and lovely and I like it but I can't for the

life of me see how he can sing words like 'commoner,' 'princess,' and later, 'homestead,' and get away with it. (Theres obviously something going on here) And you can fuck to it.

'I'm A Manic Depressive' is symptomatic of its classic title, in that you will get depressed. And though it also encourages heavy petting I'M TIRED OF BLUEBIRDS! To hell with birds! How come these guys never sing about Gila monsters?

Finally there's 'Blue Whiskey,' the one I hold dearest to my twisted little heart. You could probably call this a cliche cascarol, and you'd be right. But we're talking feelings here. We're talkin lost love and the whole three stories of mass confusion. And pain. Language barriers be damned, this a beautiful song.

So there you have it; a soothing musical melt-down that also doubles as good fuck jams. Check out this tape, and you too can return to forever.

(Alcott/Kalamazoo, MI)

BLIGHT: Yep, that's right, folks! This here is NEW Blight, 100% natural with not a speck of cereal. The ideal mix with bloody marys, straight whiskey, and corn nuts, this sucker really tortures the heat. It opens with 'Thank You,' a bouncy little buger that tosses kangaroos off terraces and makes my stereo shout 'NO!' It also features my favorite line: 'FEED THE CAT/SAVE THE SHRIMP/BOYCOTT PEACE!!' Obviously no locust beans here. Next up is 'Doctor Jesus,' a drunken dirge that shoves a slow metal crucifix up Jerry Falwell's poop-chute. (Ouch, I like it!) Then 'Tomorrow' (the song for today) slides in sideways and lurches past industrial grave-yards. (Its always midnight. Wolves rip the throats from sleeping winos) But the cream-de-la-crumb here is '10 Seconds,' an ironic title cuz its--get this--13 MINUTES LONG. Yeah, that's right, 13. Now, everybody knows that theres no reason in the world that ANY song needs to be THAT long. So why does it work? Well, maybe cuz its an instant brown & serve dance mix. Maybe cuz its half James Bond theme and half mushrooms. Or maybe cuz its just good for getting drunk and talking to bowling balls. Maybe, but all you really need to know is that this is a wonderful tape and you can get your very own by sending \$3.50 (ppd) to 1026 Eureka, Lansing, MI. And remember: half price for cirrhosis victims. (Liver let die, I always say! AHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA...)



TALES OF TRUE PERVERSION

Ok boys and girls, its time once again for some tales of true perversion (and I'm not talking painful beef injection either) - and no Alan Berg jokes either, you there! Say, any of you familiar with the writings of the Marquis de Sade? Well, I am and I say that dude had nothin' on me! So what if Mom got her pussy lips & butthole sewn shut with heavy red waxed canvas thread? So the dude porks his daughter in the ass, big deal! Last week I got off hard and you are gonna listen to the gory whys, wheres, and hows! Why? you ask? because I like you. No wait-I really dont (Kenny excluded) - well shut up and listen anyway.

Is your meat pulp? Mine sure is, but cohhh laddy was it worth it. I was on a case that lead to the Service dept. (as in I got yer service right here) of a car dealer in the land of shitholes (aka:Boulder). Something fishy was goin on after hours. Something involving gross encounters of the bad tuna and piston kind. It seems old Joe Kirby was leaving bays in the AM hours to deviates

that performed the 'Sacred Acts' (details at a later date) on each other as part of a perverted pagan rite. These perverts put the Marquis to shame, but not me! After I caught wind of the gas they were having - I knew I had to muscle in. Being the large intimidating person that I now am, there was no trouble. I simply pulled my Bel Air up near the main garage door, raved her up, and hooked a hunk of tubing on the tailpipe and ran the other end through a convenient hole in the door, then I sat back and turned the radio on. Within 40 minutes the CO2 had done its job and I moved in to do mine. Experience only knows the joy of violating the unconscious human (or animal) body.

There is a certain nerve state induced by gas poisoning that causes the inert body to twitch spasmodically as the muscles jerk to a music all their own. Yeah, jerk and contract-uncontrollably. Jere talkin' best ever in the sad shooting department (miles all pneumatic now, but its the feelin that counts). I want you to stop for a moment and recall the most bizarre sexual act you ever performed. Think hard now... Ok, reliving it yet? Well that's how I felt only better. I couldn't stop-jesus I was an animal (Dad woulda been proud). Major body excretion and the slobz didnt even know what hit em. I made use of EVERY tool in the shop. Its amazing what you can do with a hydraulic jack and a little imagination. All I'm sayin is try it yourself, cause I'm not goin into any more detail.

Yeah, so, the worshippers woke up a little sore and bloody from their religious experience. Pintos just startin to scab over (finally, once I quit pickin) and now I'm lookin for more work. Call me if yer interested. I'm in the book. Later. Dick.

AND NOW

from SAULT ST. MARIE

BLIGHT
from LIVERPOOL

LUCKY STIFFS
from KALAMAZOO

IDK
Club Soda

MONDAY, DEC. 13
COVER
8 O'CLOCK

All Proceeds Go To The
MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY ASSOCIATION



LITTLE LOVE NEST

Frankensteins and Mirrors?

by Dr D

She opened a can of cat food and licked the edge of the top with her tongue. It cut in about a quarter inch (right at the tip), began bleeding. She closed her mouth and blood, like tiny vipers, trickled out the corners. She smiled. I went to the bathroom.

Once inside, I closed the door, locked it. It was a dark, filthy, piss-oiled john, but nice. There was a medicine cabinet with a cracked mirror just above the sink. Taped to it were six, maybe seven, doctored photographs of Santa Claus. Some had him with no arms, and some with no legs, and there was even one with his arms and his legs gone. Just his head, his body. He was sitting in a bentwood rocker, smiling.

Shaking my head, I checked my reflection. I looked like D Day. A fat purple lip, a neck fulla hickies. Eyes half-closed and bloodshot. My mouth hung open. It was funny: I was a soft green gambler, my reflection, the house. It was laughing at me. It knew I'd lost everything.

Turning my back to the mirror (I was naked), I looked over my shoulder. There were deep red scratches running up and down my back. From side to side, too, like B Negative checker board. The lines glistened. There were handprints of blood, hunks of clawed skin the size of marbles, even a pink broken fingernail, stuck like a moon in a cloud. I reached around, grabbed it, stuck it in my mouth.

After swallowing, I placed my hand on Elmo (my cock) and massaged his red, raw, chewed-up head. He looked like a piece of string cheese. I shook him, pissed in the sink. Then, dropping my hands down, I pissed on them and patted it (like Aqua Velva) on my face. Being a good catholic girl she was into feces eating, period sundaes, and most of all, the piss kiss. I dabbed my lips.

Leaning in close, I cracked the door, peeked out. All the lights were out but I could still see her peering around the corner; just her rats-nest hair and her wild yellow eyes and (Elmo jumped) a 3 & 1/2 foot machete, clutched child-like between her breasts. She gritted her teeth, drooled some bloody spit. She was a diamond, that girl. I--(I winced)--I didn't think of marriage often...

'SCUM!!' She shrieked it.

'Oh, baby.'

And I swooned and ran towards her screaming and there was a mad murderous look in my eyes and outside the snow began falling, littering the night.